CONTEMPLATION.

L 11630.e.6 5

---------- *Amantes rura Camœnæ.*

HOR.

LONDON:

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Contemplation

at Toms Coffee House

In

Devereux Court Temple Barr

London

In the year of Our Lord 1756

For the Lofs of port Mahon &c

Sirs for your Approbation and

e In the Year of our Lord god

for your

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTEMPLATION.

DROPT is the fable Mantle of the Night;
The early Lark ſalutes the riſing Day,
And, while ſhe hails the glad Return of Light,
Provokes each Bard to join the raptur'd Lay.

The Muſic ſpreads thro' Nature: while the Flocks
Scatter their ſilver Fleeces o'er the Mead,
The jolly Shepherd 'mid the vocal Rocks
Pipes many a Strain upon his oaten Reed:

And

And ſweeteſt *Phœbe*, ſhe, whoſe roſy Cheeks
Outglow the Bluſhes of the ruddy Morn,
All as her Cows with eager Step ſhe ſeeks,
Vies with the tuneful Thruſh on yonder Thorn.

Unknown to theſe each fair *Aonian* Maid,
Their Boſoms glow with Nature's truer Fire;
Little, ye Siſter-Nine, they need your Aid,
Whoſe artleſs Breaſts theſe living Scenes inſpire.

Ev'n from the ſtraw-roof'd Cott the Note of Joy
Flows full and frequent, as the Village-Fair,
Whoſe little Wants the buſy Hour employ,
Chanting ſome rural Ditty ſooths her Care.

Verſe ſoftens Toil, however rude the Sound;
She feels no biting Pang the while ſhe ſings;
Nor, as ſhe turns the giddy Wheel around,
Revolves the ſad Viciſſitude of things.

Nor

Nor yet alone the varied Lay invites
To fly the Lubber God, who locks each Senſe
In dull Inaction; ever-new Delights
Pour on the Soul, while loſt in ſweet Suſpenſe

She views the tufted Groves, the Sea-bound Hills,
The lucid Lake, the Flow'r-embroider'd Vale,
She hears the Murmurs of a thouſand Rills,
And breathes *Arabian* Sweets in ev'ry Gale.

The Sons of Sloth, in Sleep's ſoft Fetters bound,
Loſe the rich Breeze from ev'ry op'ning Flow'r;
Or rouz'd by Folly, meaſure the dull Round,
Where Triflers waſte th' irrevocable Hour:

Ambition wakes, ere from the Mountain's Side
The luſty Shepherd hails the ſmiling Dawn,
But, borne to Levees on the Wings of Pride,
Nor taſtes the Breeze, nor treads the Sun-clad Lawn:

Yet 'tis in vain from Nature's Charms we fly;
A little Moment, and the ſick'ning Mind,
Pall'd with ſuch ſordid Traſh, as deep ſhall ſigh
For rural Sweets and Pleaſures more refin'd.

Dryads, and *Mountain-Nymphs*, I raptur'd trace
Your ſacred Haunts! and all my Boſom glows,
As the fond Shepherd's, tho' his warm Embrace
The dear kind Object of his Vows incloſe!

Like him, Love-taught, I call the ruſtic Muſe
To ſing the various Sweets fair Nature ſheds,
Who bounteous Drops in ſoft refreſhing Dews
The bluſhing Roſe, and Tulip's gawdy Beds.

What if theſe Numbers flow devoid of Art?
Simple I ſeek no Poet's honor'd Name;
Who ſpeaks alone the Language of the Heart,
Nor idle Cenſure fears, nor pants for Fame.

Here when the BARDS * in many an uncouth Rhyme,
That Nature prompted, taught th' enquiring Youth
Doctrines coæval with the Birth of Time,
FUTURITY and ONE ETERNAL TRUTH;

Harſh were the Strains the bearded Sages ſung,
Struck with the Wonders of the circling Year,
Yet on each Accent ſoft Perſuaſion hung,
And Nature's Voice touch'd ev'ry liſt'ning Ear;

While on the Herbs her laviſh Hand had ſpread
With kind Profuſion o'er th' untrodden Waſte,
Contented with their homely Meal, they fed,
And bleſt the Giver of the ſweet Repaſt.

Of Manners gentle! and of Soul refin'd!
They choſe with awful Solitude to dwell;
Each little Care of buſy Life reſign'd
For the brown Umbrage, and the Moſs-grown Cell.

* The DRUIDS.

Alone with Ivy-wreaths their Locks were bound,
(O Virtue, heavenly-fair, how ſmall thy Meed!)
Yet ſhone leſs bright the Wreaths that Warriors crown'd,
By Tyrants boaſted, or by Slaves decreed.

Then to my Breaſt, fair Goddeſs, while my Soul
Wrapt in ſweet Nature mocks at every Toy,
Beauty forgot, abjur'd the ſmiling Bowl,
The Dream of Glory, and the Laugh of Joy.

O come, fair Virtue, ever-ſacred Gueſt!
For thee and Nature if the Muſe reſign
Each gay Deſire, that wantons in my Breaſt,
Be thou, and Peace, the white-rob'd Cherub, mine!

" Be thine," ſhe cries from yonder Wood-bind Bow'r
Profuſe of Sweets, " Be thine," the Goddeſs cries,
" The Bliſs to trifle Life's unwearied Hour
" 'Mid vernal Roſes, and autumnal Skies."

Ye Friends of Nature, you who pant to rove
O'er *Tempe*'s Vale, or *Hæmus*' flow'ry Side,
The Muſe ſhall lead you thro' the vocal Grove,
Down the tall Cliff, and where the Riv'lets glide,

Unknown to Song, whoſe Cryſtal Fountains riſe
'Mid Hills, along whoſe Tops for ever green
From Sweet to Sweet, gay Fancy, as ſhe flies,
With vivid Tints ſhall brighten ev'ry Scene.

O here to wander all the ſmiling Day,
And view the plodding Ruſtic's envied Lot!
Where thro' the Round of Proſpect all is gay,
Each Paſſion huſht, and ev'ry Care forgot!

To ſit beſide the Stream, whoſe Silver Flood
With gentle Murmurs lulls to ſoft Repoſe!
To hear the merry Songſters of the Wood,
And laugh with real Joy at fancied Woes!

To count the friſking Lambs! to tread the Shade
That Echo haunts, who, when the love-ſick Swain
Dwells on the Coldneſs of ſome cruel Maid,
Touch'd with his Woes ſighs o'er the piteous Strain.

There, as the Horn along the ſilent Lake
'Wakes dulcet Harmony, (while all around
Their ſedgy Locks the raptur'd Naiads ſhake)
Still ſweeter from yon Grove returns the Sound.

Yet as I wander thro' the magic Seat,
Let me but whiſper * *'s much-lov'd Name,
Leſt the fair Babler ev'ry Sound repeat,
And idly tell a buſy World my Flame.

Dull to theſe Joys, if Diſcontent ſhould ſigh
For *Eden*'s Fruits, or *Arab*'s Ev'ning-breeze,
Repiner know, while Virtue can ſupply
The Heart-felt Tranſport of a Mind at Eaſe,

Each Wild breathes Fragrance, as from Woodbind Bow'rs
Rich Gales of Odor wanton Zephyrs ſtole,
Each craggy Summit teems with purple Flow'rs,
And ſpreads ambroſial Fruits to cheer the Soul.

Ye Sons of Mirth, who love the ſimple Tale
The Nurſe invents to cheat the tedious Night,
Or the grey Cobler hums o'er feſtive Ale,
Of Goblin bloody, or of mirthful Sprite;

O come! here hoary-lock'd Tradition tells
Of wayward Hags in tatter'd Remnants dreſt,
Of unbleſt Wizards and their binding Spells,
Of virtuous Knights confin'd and Maids diſtreſt,

Of ſportive Elves, who crouch in Bells of Flow'rs,
'Till Sleep around his gentle Poppies ſhed,
Then, 'till the Morn bring on the roſeate Hours,
Guard from each threat'ning Ill the Virgin's Bed;

Or haply by the Flame-rob'd Glow-worm's Light
They trip, unſeen, the light fantaſtic Round;
Yet Morn diſplays the jocund Feats of Night,
And Fairy Ringlets mark the hallow'd Ground.

O come! here oft the ſheeted Ghoſt appears,
When Ev'ning's Shades embrown the ſilent Mead,
And, rais'd by many a pale-eyed Milkmaid's Fears,
Waves in the Bough, or quivers in the Reed.

For this the Infant-pratlers of the Farm
Leave with the Sun their little Revelry,
And, liſt'ning thoughtful to the nightly Charm
Of ghoſtly Tale, cling round their Mother's Knee;

There learn, how hapleſs Maids, who pin'd away,
(For Love had ſtol'n the Roſes from their Cheek)
Leave the ſad Church-yard at the Cloſe of Day;
And, on the Lawn the faithleſs Shepherd ſeek;

Or how ſome reſtleſs Miſer's haggard Shade
All the long Night broods o'er the hidden Gold,
And ſweeps unwilling thro' the dewy Glade,
When Chanticleer awakes the drowſy Fold.

Yet if the God, whoſe Torch the Lamp of Day
Survives, hath ſeiz'd ſome Dovelike-tender Maid,
Where the Moon darts in vain her feeble Ray,
Each Fear forgot, ſhe wanders undiſmay'd.

Meet her with equal Warmth, thou favor'd Youth!
Beneath the broad Beech, or the Cheſnut Shade,
Yet O! be mindful of her Love and Truth,
Be mindful of the holy Vows you made.

O come! here on the Wings of balmy Gales,
(While Jeſt and Laughter fill the mirthful Train)
Flies ſmooth-cheek'd Health along the flow'ry Vales,
And mixes in the Labors of the Plain.

How ſhall I woo thee, ſweeteſt, Roſe-lip'd Fair?
When to my eager Boſom preſs thy Charms?
No fleecy Lambkins aſk my Ev'ning's Care,
No Morning-toils have nerv'd my youthful Arms.

Yet ſay, O ſay, bright Daughter of the Sky,
Wilt thou ſtill ſhun the Student's Midnight-oil?
And, O too partial! ev'ry Grace deny
To all but yonder ſturdy Sons of Toil?

Would Numbers win thee, thou no Lay ſhouldſt need,
Whether the Muſes ſacred Band reſides
Among the *Dryads*, on the daiſied Mead,
Where *Cam*'s fair Stream, or Silver *Iſis* glides:

But thy chill Breaſt repells the Poet's Fires;
Ev'n rapt *Muſæus* * felt, amid the Strains
That drew down Angels from their golden Lyres,
Head-clouding Vapors, and Heart-rending Pains.

If ſolemn Scenes delight, as oft the Muſe
Is wrapt in Meditation, then ſhe ſtrays
Thro' ſilent Church-yards, where the ſable Yews
Spread kindred Gloom, and holy Muſings raiſe.

There, as ſhe wanders o'er the low-laid Dead,
Wrecks of the Wiſe, the Fair, the Juſt, the Brave,
Oft calls Reflection from the Clay-cold Bed
Of Death, "No *Sherlock* preaches like the Grave."

Why on yon freſh-turn'd Sod the Lawrel green
Mixt with gay Summer's ſweeteſt Flow'rets lies,
If Fancy aſk, as o'er the gloomy Scene
She throws her Eye, the weeping Muſe replies.

The gentle *Lucy*, deck'd with ev'ry Grace,
That gilds the Mead beneath the vernal Sky,
Ow'd to no Art the Roſes of her Face,
Nor anxious wiſh'd the Triumphs of her Eye.

Bred to the Toil of Life, her humble Mind
Had heard unmov'd the Pleaſures of the Great,
Nor once at what ſhe was had e'er repin'd,
Or envious wiſh'd to change her lowly State.

'Wak'd with the Dawn, ſhe bruſh'd the Silver Dew
With eager Steps along the ſilent Vale,
Then from the Kine her well-taught Fingers drew
The bounteous Bleſſings of the Milking-pail.

Each Heart's ſoft Wiſh! the Theme of ev'ry Tongue!
She reign'd the Queen of many a flow'ry *May*;
And when ſoft Love inſpir'd the artleſs Song,
Well-pleas'd ſhe read the rural Roundelay;

Yet ſimple knew not that her Face could charm;
No Heart-ſick Lover felt her cold Diſdain,
But leaning thoughtful on her ruddy Arm,
She heard the penſive Shepherd's Tale of Pain.

She heard, and Sorrow touch'd her gentle Soul,
But heard ſo oft, 'till artful *Cupid*, dreſt
In meek-eyed Pity's Siſter-form, had ſtole
Unknown, unnotic'd, to her tender Breaſt.

He ſaw her yielding Eye, and warmly preſt
The ſacred Joys of *Hymen*'s holy Bands;
" The white-rob'd Prieſt (O may the Rites be bleſt!)
" Shall he, my *Lucy*, join our willing Hands?

" My little Flock the All of Wealth I boaſt
" Will ſhield our Cott from hated Poverty;
" If that ſhould fail, thro' Winter's hoary Froſt,
" Thro' Summer-ſuns 'twere ſweet to toil for thee.

" O come, my *Lucy!* Here are conſtant Streams
" Of Joy, and ſuch as Grandeur never knows;
" Our Morning-labors, and our Ev'ning-dreams
" Were ill-exchang'd for Pomp, and Midnight-ſhows.

" Tho' gay the View from yonder Mountain's Brow,
" There rage the Storms, and there the Whirl-winds (ride ;
" The quiet Life is in the Vale below,
" And here ſoft Peace, and ſweet Content abide."

She bluſh'd Conſent ; he fix'd the happy Hour ;
It came ; no threatning Cloud obſcur'd the Sky,
No hated Screech-owl from the lonely Tow'r,
Or ghaſtly Raven boded Miſchief nigh :

Yet hapleſs *Lucy* had reſign'd her Breath !
Lucy ! who fair as Morn, and ſweet as fair,
Might well have ſtay'd the cruel Darts of Death,
Could his remorſleſs Hand be taught to ſpare.

The Flow'rs, a Siſter's Fondneſs would have ſpread
With rural Rites before the bluſhing Bride,
Now drop bepearl'd with Tears the lucid Head,
Scatter'd in ſad Confuſion 'round her Side.

And

And there, unmark'd the Grave! her Bones are laid
Yet if that Earth ſhall to her Soul reſtore
The once fair Limbs of a Plebeian Maid,
The Urn, the Pyramid can do no more.

Thy Fate, ſweet Innocence, far other Note
Had ſung, if thy ſad Tale had reach'd the Swain,
Who 'mid the Groves erſt touch'd his Doric Oat,
And wept Mortality in ſuch a Strain,

That Death relenting, were his ſavage Ear
Attun'd to Numbers, had a while reſtrain'd
His Luſt of Slaughter; ſhed the pitying Tear,
And dropt the Dart with human Gore diſtain'd.

Enough for me, unnumber'd 'mid the few,
Whom *Phœbus* loves, if while around thy Herſe
Each Morn the Muſe her Obſequies renew,
Thy gentle Shade accept the plaintive Verſe.

THOU honor'd Youth, amid whoſe Lawns I ſtray
And ſip the genial Sweets of rural Eaſe,
Know, if thou deign'ſt to read this ſimple Lay,
Who write for Pleaſure ſeldom write to pleaſe.

Alone Ambition wings the Muſe to Fame,
Whoſe Eagle-flight unnerv'd I ceaſe to ſoar,
Deſpair to pleaſe hath damp'd the gen'rous Flame,
And ev'ry Wiſh of Vanity is o'er.

Yet if the Flood of Time (whoſe wanton Rage,
Wild as it rolls, devours the Things we prize,
The Bard's ſoft Lay, th' Hiſtorian's labor'd Page,
Like Straws while Trifles on its Surface riſe)

Shall waft this Verſe upon its giddy Stream,
'Till Years thy Roman Virtues ſhall diſcloſe,
'Till the ſweet Bud, beneath the rip'ning Beam
Of Honor, ſwell into the full-blown Roſe;

O!

O! once again the Muſe ſhall glow to ſee
The well-fix'd Column of thy Fame aſpire
Above each warm Preſage ſhe form'd of thee,
And from thy Blaze relume her wonted Fire.

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The E N D.

O! once again the Muſe ſhall glow to fee
The well-fix'd Column of thy Fame aſpire
Above each warm Paſſage the Form'd of thee
And from thy Blaze reflect her voiſter Fire.

The END.